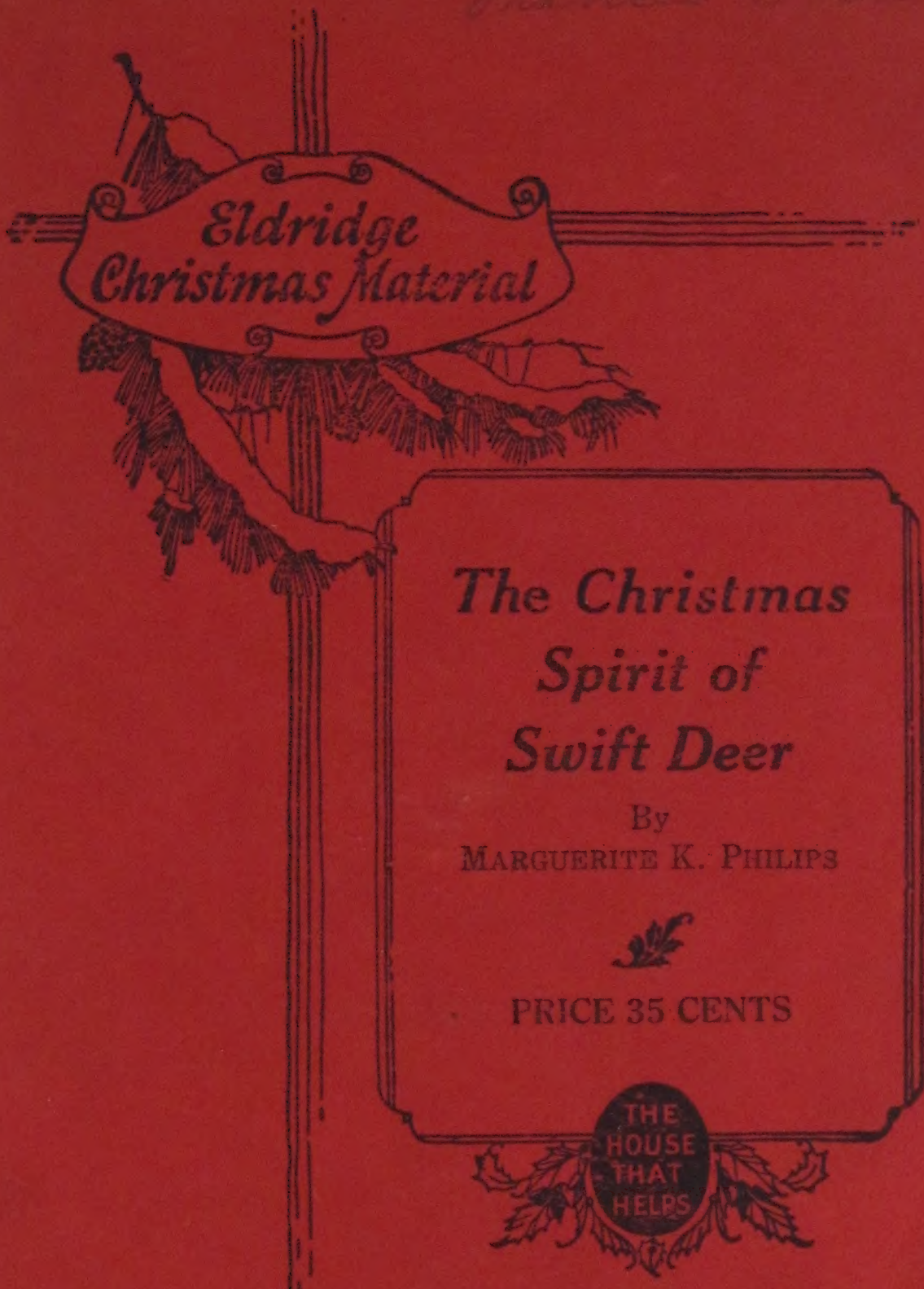

The Christmas Spirit of Swift Deer

By

MARGUERITE K. PHILIPS

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Eldridge Entertainment House

INCORPORATED

Franklin, Ohio, Denver, Colorado

The Christmas Spirit of Swift Deer

A One-Act Play

BY

MARGUERITE KREGER PHILLIPS

PRICE 35 CENTS

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THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF SWIFT DEER

For Grammar and Junior High School Ages

CHARACTERS

ADONIJAH DYER.....The Head of the Family

MISTRESS CHARITY DYER.....His Wife

ROGER AND CHARLES.....Their Sons

HOPE AND PIETY.....Their Daughters

SWIFT DEER.....A Young Indian Boy

MANY WINGS.....His Father, Chief of a Tribe of Hostile Indians

MISTRESS CONSTANT SUMNER.....Leader of Puritan Women

CARRADAY, MARKAPLACE, SALTERSTAY.....Elders

Any Number of Indians on the War Path.

Any Number of Puritan Women.

Time: December, 1650.

Place: Puritan settlement of Rhode Island.

Time of Playing: Twenty-five minutes.

Note: Adonijah Dyer and his family have not been in America long. They are moderate reform Puritans and under surveillance by the stricter Puritans in the settlement, because they were found celebrating the Christmas season. They stand in no better favor with the elders than do the Quakers. The action of this play takes place in a Puritan settlement in Rhode Island in December, 1650.

COSTUMES

The Puritan costumes of the men may be made of serge or woolen cloth. The colors should be gray, dark blue, brown, or black. White collars and cuffs. Heavy shoes, with or without buckles. Loose, long cloak hanging from the shoulders.

The dress of the women was of homespun or serge. Canton flannel is a good substitute, in such colors as black, brown, gray, or tan. A white lawn kerchief around the shoulders, and white cuffs, and cap, should be worn. The hair should be almost hidden by the cap. A white muslin apron completes the costume. Hope and Piety wear costumes like those of the women, with long dresses, white collar, etc., and hair done on top of their heads, and covered with a white cap, except they have gayly-colored ribbons on their caps.

The boys dressed like the men.

For the Indian costumes, khaki will be found an excellent substitute for deerskin, with beads in designs. Tan tennis shoes will answer for moccasins, if the real ones cannot be had. The head dress should be of gorgeous eagle's feathers, which can be imitated by long hen's feathers, or quills. The long tunic slips over the head.

The Indian boy wears the same loose tunic as the men, but no head dress. He also wears moccasins, and may carry a bow and arrow.

The Christmas Spirit of Swift Deer

Scene: The stage represents the living-room and kitchen of the very humble log home of the Dyers. A large colonial fireplace, LEFT, with a crackling fire and huge andirons supporting an iron pot of bubbling porridge. To one side hangs a bellows, and nearby are tongs. Candlesticks are on the shelf above and various utensils hang on nails. A rough board table down center with coarse cloth and benches at either side. Bowls are set out ready for the evening meal. A straight, high-backed settee is upstage center. If possible, a spinning wheel stands downstage right.

At Curtain: Mistress Dyer, Hope and Piety are standing at one side of stage facing a group of grim-faced Puritan women who nod their heads disapprovingly as they look at them, while their leader finishes speaking. The impression must be given that these women have been here for some time upbraiding the Dyers for their lack of strict Puritanism. As the leader, Mistress Constant Sumner, finishes speaking, they gather their cloaks closer to them and file out the door, casting back looks of disapproval over their shoulders.

MISTRESS CONSTANT SUMNER [*speaking chidingly*]: Thus thou knowest, Mistress Charity Dyer and Hope and Piety, too, what we think of thee all; thy frivolous ways; thy gay ribbons—

[*Here Hope and Piety try to cover the bows on their simple white bonnets with their hands while their mother's head raises higher with pride and determination not to submit to them.*]

—and thy daughter's chatter; ill-becoming daughters of Puritans. Our Elder Carroday brought word that he even hast seen them skipping as they went to meeting. We will take thy case to the Elders again this

night and if thy ways and manners do not change, we give thee little hope for friendliness from us, aye! thou mayest even come to banishment. We leave thee now. May thy heads be bowed in shame!

[*They all file out with glances of disapproval. Mistress Dyer remains silent until they all exit, then with a sigh and a sad smile at the girls she sits down near the spinning wheel* [*or bench*]. *She takes a bag of knitting from the floor beside the chair and starts work on a scarf that is almost finished. Hope and Piety stand by weeping softly, waiting for their mother to speak.*]

MISTRESS DYER: Come, come, my daughters, do not take their harsh words to heart. Thy father and mother see nothing unseemly in thy conduct. Thou art good daughters and thy father and I have ever tried to show thee the right way.

HOPE [*kneeling at her side*]: Oh! but they spoke so unkindly of us all.

PIETY [*crossing to her mother's side and standing back of her*]: And Mistress Sumner has always been our friend.

MISTRESS DYER: Yes, that grieves me to think she would turn against us. It is very strange that she could speak thus to me. 'Twas I that nursed her through the fever last winter when no one would go near her.

HOPE: Her memory is not that of a good Christian.

MISTRESS DYER: We will say no more. Piety, light the candles. 'Tis getting dusk and I am about through with this work. Hope, finish thy little manger that it may be ready when father and thy brothers come.

[*Piety moves slowly to light the candles.*]
A little faster, Piety, that a cheerful light may greet them. There, place it right in the center and it will guide them along the way. Not a word of this visit

from our neighbors to thy father. 'Twould worry him and we must be happy on Christmas Eve. I want my family always to be joyful on this night.

HOPE [*as she gathers up her straw and logs from which she and Piety have been fashioning a crib*]: Guard thy tongue, Mother! [*Imitating Mistress Sumner.*] Thou knowest the word cheerful is forbidden. [*She then sits down on the floor and continues her work.*]

MISTRESS DYER: You funny child, let us not think further of them. What a beautiful crib you are making for the Christ Child.

PIETY [*turns from lighting the candles and puts her finger to her lips warningly*]: Sh! they might be outside listening.

MISTRESS DYER: Our walls are thick and 'tis a cold night. No one but Elder Carroday would stand outside.

HOPE [*laughingly*]: And even he wouldn't tonight, because cold gives him such a blue nose. Why, Mother, he wears a color himself in winter, so why should they be so cross with us?

MISTRESS DYER: Sh! child! [*Holds up scarf.*] Will not Mistress Tolerance Austin be pleased?

PIETY: Aye! Mother, but what a pity she cannot tell thee so. She is a strict Puritan. Was she not the one who said that it was most un-Christian like to walk quickly?

HOPE [*laughing*]: Unseemly conduct!

MISTRESS DYER: And the poor widow was the first one to walk quickly the day the savages raided us and stole our stores.

PIETY [*seriously*]: I like not the name savage—Indian sounds so much nicer.

MISTRESS DYER [*shocked*]: Wouldst thou praise our savage enemies?

PIETY [*coming to her mother's side*]: Methinks, Mother, that if we colonists had been more kind they would not now be so aggressive.

MISTRESS DYER [*a little displeased with her daughter*]: Aggressive is not the word to use. They are a bad, murderous people.

HOPE [*looking up from her work at her mother's excited words*]: Why, Mother! and thou with the kindest heart in all the settlement?

MISTRESS DYER: My kind heart does not seem to protect us from the savages.

PIETY: The Indians haven't troubled us for many weeks now, Mother.

MISTRESS DYER: Please let us talk of something else. The very thought of their last raid makes me shiver. Think of Mistress Tolerance Austin and how pleased she will be with this scarf. She said she had never owned one without holes.

HOPE: Thou must have felt happy knowing what a surprise you would have for her. Will she go to meeting tomorrow?

PIETY: Thou art so good, Mother. I cannot understand why our neighbors speak so ill of us in meeting.

MISTRESS DYER: Thou heardst them today. 'Tis because we do not abide by all their laws. In dear old England my people and thy father's people were good, but they did not believe that to be good one must wear sackcloth and ashes. It is the heart and soul underneath that must be good, my daughters.

HOPE: Canst thou and Father not show them how one needst not wear clothes just like they and have manners such as they to be good? 'Tis because thou and Father let us wear gay ribbons on our bonnets that makes them displeased.

MISTRESS: We are trying to show them by our own good works that color does not make so much difference. They will watch us closely tomorrow to see what signs of gladness we show. How can anyone help being happy on Christ's birthday?

HOPE: I tremble when I think of how they rebuked us last Christmas for our simple little decorations.

PIETY [*angrily*]: They are thick-headed! I like them not.

MISTRESS DYER: Daughter, daughter, now thee art indeed in need of chiding. Hast ever seen Father lose his temper?

PIETY [*hangs her head*]: Forgive my anger, Mother. Father has said that only at the savages can he be angry.

MISTRESS DYER [*rises and hands scarf to Piety*]: Piety, put this safely away. Hope, see that the bowls are ready while I stir the porridge.

[*Piety carries the scarf to the right, where a curtained doorway conceals their sleeping quarters and a small storeroom. She returns immediately after putting the scarf away. Mistress Dyer goes to the fireplace and stirs the porridge, humming a gay little Christmas tune, while Hope takes down the bowls from a side shelf and is soon joined by Piety and together the table is prepared for the evening meal. Pieces of black bread and a bowl of meat is placed in the center. Mistress Dyer suddenly ceases her humming and speaks to the girls.*]

MISTRESS DYER: I must tell thee a secret that I would have kept from thee if our neighbors had not threatened us so. [*They stop their work and run to her side.*] Now do not raise your voices, but I told thy Father to bring us great sacks of holly berries and Christmas greens that we might have our decorations as we did last year.

PIETY [*frightened*]: Hast thou no fear of the Elders?

MISTRESS DYER: Not until after tomorrow and we shall celebrate the birth of Christ in as fitting a manner as we can.

[*Suddenly a great stamping of feet is heard outside the door left. The girls jump up and down and rush to door, pulling it open. There stands Adonijah Dyer, a large, pleasant-faced man, and the two boys, Charles and Roger, each carrying a sack which the sisters pull away and carry upstage, peeking into them with many exclamations of delight. The three men go immediately to the fireplace.*]

ADONIJAH: How didst thou know we weren't Indians, my children?

MISTRESS DYER: They were very rash to run to the door so quickly.

HOPE: But we have heard so often the stamp of their feet and know them by that.

CHARLES: Do we sound like buffaloes or horses, my sister?

ADONIJAH: What a merry Christmas we shall have, the berries were never so plentiful and such a day, such a day! I am so filled with merriment I cannot loose my tongue. [*The boys and their father begin laughing uproariously.*]

MISTRESS DYER: But do tell us so that we might rejoice with you—but I pray you be gentle in your laughter.

ADONIJAH DYER [*seating himself on bench after removing his outer garment, which Mistress Dyer hangs on a peg beside the boys*]: Dost thou think thee couldst tell the tale, Charles?

CHARLES: I can try.

[*As he talks the others listen raptly, and the girls, having taken their positions near the sacks, giggle now and then as he progresses, while Mistress Dyer exclaims with an "ah!" or an "oh!" Roger sits on the floor near the fireplace.*]

We gathered what thou asked for and hid it therein. [*Points to sacks, at which the girls pull out handfuls of holly berries.*] All seemed well with us, so we walked along the road towards home, our eyes watching out only for the Indians that Elder Carraday didst say were rampaging about and planning evil, so when suddenly from the bramble to one side three figures didst pop at us——

ROGER [*jumping up and interrupting excitedly gesturing with each word*]: We jumped, dropped our sacks and shouldered our guns and would have shot had not our ears been treated to these words—

[*Charles sits down on bench beside his father and enjoys his brother's imitation of the Elders.*]

So-o-o! Adonijah Dyer, we have caught thee at last. What merriment hast thou hidden in thy sacks? Aye! something wild, I warrant thee!

ADONIJAH: Then I spake. Not wishing to tell a falsehood, I avoided the occasion by asking them a question. Merriment? Dost a man labor all day in the cold forest, freezing his fingers and his toes but to carry merriment about in bags? They gasped at my question and were at a loss for an answer.

CHARLES [*laughingly*]: And oh, Father, remember how their own noses and toes were so blue with cold that they did not seek further.

MISTRESS DYER [*nervously*]: Ah! but Adonijah, they art watching us closely this season.

ADONIJAH: Elder Carroday's very words. He said, "We art watching thee and thy family, Adonijah Dyer. If thou wouldst stay with us in peace, thou must abidest by our rules. Merriment doth show thou and thy family possessest evil spirits." I replied, thou confusest merriment with happiness. 'Tis the Christmas season and ye who have been so long from England seem to have forgotten that Christ's birthday is a time for joy, rejoice in the glory of Christ our King. This seemed to quiet them down and so without looking at them again we gathered our sacks and proceeded as quickly as possible on our way—

CHARLES [*interrupting excitedly*]: And, Father, when we looked back, there they stood with their heads close together, plotting evil towards us, we know.

ADONIJAH: Charles, thou must not interrupt—we will not accuse them of further evil until we have evidence thereof.

PIETY [*coming close to the group with her hands full of berries*]: Ah! Father, if they but knew what merry red berries thou hadst brought us, we would e'en now be on our way to the stocks.

MISTRESS DYER: Sh! my daughter. Thee must not make decisions like that. Thou art too young. How careful we must be. Adonijah, put the berries back into the sacks and hide them with straw. They may be on their way now to spy upon us.

HOPE [*holding up her berries*]: Are they not fit to decorate our manger? [*Points to manger on the floor lower right.*] See, Father, 'tis finished.

ADONIJAH: 'Tis a good custom to make a warm manger for the Christ Child, my daughters, and he will rest well in that and leave thee something in his place that thou needst.

CHARLES: I remember the first time thou didst tell us the story and how we built the manger and thou didst say if we made it especially warm perhaps the Christ child would leave something nice in it for us on Christmas morning.

ROGER: Ah! and such sweetmeats as we found. [*They all turn their heads sadly away from Roger's bright face as it clouds over with grief.*] But that was in Merrie England.

ADONIJAH: Is it my merry son Roger that I see ready to shed tears? Come, come, that will never do. [*A feeble knock is heard*]: What's that? [*They all stand tensely watching as their father picks up his gun and starts towards the door.*]

MISTRESS DYER [*anxiously*]: Hadst better ask them to announce themselves first?

ADONIJAH [*stops for a moment*]: We have nothing to fear, except from the Indians, and they cannot be so close else we would have seen tracks as we came along.

MISTRESS DYER: But one moment 'till the sacks are securely hidden. Quickly, daughters. [*Hope and Piety rush off dragging the sacks with them and return in a moment in time to see their father open the door.*]

ADONIJAH: I will open.

[*As he opens the door an Indian staggers in, falling to the floor. The boys reach for their guns but stop when they realize the Indian is hurt. Adonijah is startled for a moment, but steps back scrutinizing the Indian closely. Mistress Dyer cowers back to the right with Hope and Piety who cling to her.*]

SWIFT DEER [*he is very weak and apparently just a boy*]: Friend!

ADONIJAH: Art wounded?

SWIFT DEER [*speaks very slowly as Adonijah bends over him*]: Long time no eat—see light like sun there—come—hurt arm beaver—

CHARLES: Oh, father, he means he hurt his arm in a beaver trap.

MISTRESS DYER: Adonijah we must help him.

[*He steps to Swift Deer's side and starts to raise him from the floor where he has fallen. Mistress Dyer also assists.*]

SWIFT DEER [*looking at Mistress Dyer*]: Goodum squaw—me Swift Deer.

[*At mention of his name, Adonijah and Roger both appear startled.*]

ADONIJAH [*angrily*]: The son of Many Wings?

ROGER: Father, I know him.

ADONIJAH: Silence, my son. Art thou the son of Many Wings?

SWIFT DEER [*apparently growing weaker, merely nods and gives a gutteral answer*]: Ugh!

ADONIJAH: Dost thou know thy father is our enemy?

ROGER [*again trying to speak*]: Father, please let—

ADONIJAH: Is it thus my son shows his manners? He is the son of Chief Many Wings who has wrought much harm to the settlers. [*Roger hangs his head while Swift Deer looks eagerly towards him as though for help.*]

SWIFT DEER [*weakly*]: Only when squaws and papoose hungry.

MISTRESS DYER [*chidingly*]: Adonijah, he is hurt, dost matter whom his father is? 'Tis Christmas Eve and we must be charitable.

ADONIJAH [*reluctantly*]: I like not the look of things. This may be a trap, but he shall have food and shelter. Hope, bring a dish of porridge whilst thy mother bandages his arm.

SWIFT DEER [*beckons to Roger*]: Tellum father know um. Swift Deer not forget. Many Wings not forget!

ROGER [*greatly excited*]: See, father, he remembers me. We are friends. I have taught him all the English words he knows. He is a good Indian, father.

[*They are all startled at Roger's words.*]

ADONIJAH: What? My son on friendly terms with the savage? [*Turns to his wife.*] Charity what hast thou to say to this?

MISTRESS DYER [*as she bandages Swift Deer's arm although he at first attempted to draw away from her*]: I am glad my son has kindness in his heart.

ROGER: Please, Father, let Swift Deer sleep by our fire tonight? See how he holds that right foot. It is hurt, too.

[*Roger kneels on the floor beside Swift Deer just as a loud knock is heard at door. Swift Deer tries to rise, but sinks weakly back while Adonijah reaches for his gun and looks menacingly at Swift Deer.*]

ADONIJAH: If 'tis an Indian trick to relax our vigilance thou wilt no longer need to heed thy father's words, Roger. Thy scalp may be dangling from a tree this Christmas Day.

MISTRESS DYER [*chidingly*]: Adonijah!

[*Adonijah strides swiftly to the door, his gun ready, while the girls and boys shrink back near their mother, hiding Swift Deer, who stops her bandaging to watch also. As he opens the door, Elder Carroday, Markaplace and Elder Salterstay push their way rudely into the room.*]

ELDER CARROWAY [*not seeing Swift Deer*]: Much as we dislike thy actions, we have to come to warn thee to be prepared—the woods are full of savages ready to attack us.

ELDER SALTERSTAY: Aye! 'tis little time for merriment thou wilt have this night. [*He turns with Elder Carroday and starts to exit while Elder Carroday laughs sarcastically as Elder Markaplace speaks.*]

ELDER MARKAPLACE: Aye! your ribbons will be of little use, Mistress Dyer, after this night.

ADONIJAH: Even the coming of the savage does not chase the evil from thy hearts. Canst thee not be charitable e'en now?

[*They exit slamming the door.*]

SWIFT DEER [*rising with a great effort*]: Friend, Swift Deer go. Hearum talk. Go to big chief, stop him come. Swift Deer long time gone from tepee, good squaw no hurt, no hurt little young round cheeks.

[*Roger smiles and crosses to Swift Deer looking into his eyes with friendliness.*]

ADONIJAH: Thou art wounded. Thou canst not walk far.

MISTRESS DYER: Hope, bring a bowl of warm milk quickly.

[*Hope rushes to the fireplace and returns with steaming bowl which she hands to Swift Deer. Swift Deer raises it to his lips, then stops and looks questioningly at Adonijah who does not look at all friendly.*]

SWIFT DEER: Give Swift Deer food, give Swift Deer white medicine, Swift Deer go to Many Wings, no hurt squaw.

MISTRESS DYER: Drink, Swift Deer. [*Swift Deer points to table for others to eat, too.*] Adonijah, in the excitement of this hour thou hast forgotten thine own porridge. Sit thee down, then Swift Deer will drink. He means to be polite.

SWIFT DEER: Not eat three suns, little young round cheeks tellum chief eat.

ROGER: Please, Father, Swift Deer needs his food. He will not drink unless you do to show friendliness. If he would save us this night, he must have strength. I know Many Wings, too. He is not fierce to his friends.

[*Adonijah seats himself and begins eating a bowl of porridge which Piety has placed for him. Charles also eats and Swift Deer drinks his bowl of milk standing.*]

[*Swift Deer moves towards door and leans against it.*]

MISTRESS DYER: Thou wilt save us, Swift Deer? 'Twould be very sad indeed were thy people to attack us this Christmas Eve.

SWIFT DEER: What mean, Christmas?

[*The girls have now seated themselves on the other side of board table and all look anxiously towards their mother as she answers this question.*]

MISTRESS DYER: 'Tis the night when all good Christians celebrate the birth of the Great Spirit. Sit thee down a moment and I will tell thee.

SWIFT DEER [*Swift Deer crosses haltingly towards bench and sinks down upon it*]: White man's Great Spirit?

MISTRESS DYER: Thy Great Spirit and white man's Great Spirit. Fetch a bowl of porridge for Swift Deer. He needs must have more food to go out into the cold.

ADONIJAH: An Indian feels no pain.

MISTRESS DYER: Adonijah, thy manner does not show "peace on earth, good will to men."

[*The door opens suddenly and all are so startled that they can do nothing but stare at Elder Carraday and the other two elders who look gloatingly upon them all as though they had been caught stealing.*]

ELDER CARRADAY: So, Brother Dyer, we have caught thee harboring an enemy.

ADONIJAH: He is a friend.

ELDER MARKAPLACE: Thou art not satisfied with merriment and joyful manners contrary to all our brethren, but thou must make friends with the savage. What about the good brothers that were massacred last spring? What sayest thou to that? Didst not the red skins carry off their scalps?

ADONIJAH: And what didst thou do to the Indians last spring? Steal from them their winters supply of furs.

CARRODAY: Wouldst thou defend them? It is enough! Tomorrow thee and thy family shall spend Christmas day in the stocks.

MISTRESS DYER [*much distressed*]: On Christmas?

MARKAPLACE: Aye! On Christmas. Come, Elders, we must be on our way, the savages must not find us asleep. We leave thee now with the savage. Tomorrow thy savage cannot save thee from the stocks.

[*All three exit quickly.*]

HOPE: Father, hast thou not a word of reply?

MISTRESS DYER: Hush! my child, question not thy father.

ADONIJAH: How strange indeed it will seem to spend Christmas in the stocks.

[*The girls and Mistress Dyer wipe the tears from their eyes while Swift Deer looks anxiously from one to the other, not quite understanding it all.*]

ROGER: Swift Deer, wilt thou not take us into the forest and save our lives?

SWIFT DEER: No harm, good squaw, Many Wings no harm good squaw, tell Swift Deer Christmas story, then go tellum chief no come hurt.

ADONIJAH: Be brave, my good wife. Tell us all again the story of Christ's birth. 'Twill strengthen us for our great trial tomorrow.

[*Mistress Dyer crosses to where the little crib stands on the floor, kneels beside it with Hope and Piety standing near. The two boys stand near their father and Swift Deer crosses to where the crib stands and sinks to floor beside Mistress Dyer.*]

MISTRESS DYER: Come, see this is the little manger like the one Christ was laid in when he was born many, many years ago. ..[*She hesitates.*]

SWIFT DEER: Tellum more.

ROGER: Tell him the whole story, Mother, Swift Deer will understand.

MISTRESS DYER [*gesturing towards the door*]: Adonijah, hadst thou best not secure the door against attack?

SWIFT DEER [*rises to his feet and crosses to near the door and leans against the wall for support*]: Swift Deer hear. No harm come. Good squaw no hurt.

ADONIJAH: Lose not thy courage, Charity. This may be our only chance to dwell on the story of Christ's birth. Come, thou chidest me for lack of faith. Now, I needst must chide thee. I am beginning to believe in Roger's friend. Canst thou not see that in spite of his pain he is ready to protect us?

[*Mistress Dyer is kneeling beside the manger. Hope and Piety are back of her while Charles and Roger stand near their father downstage left, leaving Swift Deer near the door.*]

MISTRESS DYER: It was many years ago when Mary and Joseph came to Bethlehem. Coming to a stable where the sheep and cattle were huddled close from the cold, they entered. There the Christ Child, the King over all, was born, and Mary laid him in a manger like this. Out on the hillside the shepherds were guarding their flocks. Suddenly the sky was filled with a radiance more beautiful than the sun and they sang "Glory to God in the Highest and Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." The angels told the shepherds to follow a star in the east that night and they would find a stable where lay the Christ Child. From over the hills came three Wise Men following this same star and they came to the stable and found their King. He was born into the world to teach us all, "Peace on earth, good will to men," the son of your Great Spirit, Swift Deer.

[*Here the piercing call of the Whip-poor-will is heard. Swift Deer is startled and raises his hand to stay Adonijah who reaches for his gun. Then he opens*

the door and gives an answering call, then backs into the room standing with his back to the others, his arms outflung in a protecting gesture. Suddenly the door is shadowed with the form of Many Wings and Swift Deer steps back into the room as savages push forward back of Many Wings. But as Swift Deer raises his arm in a signal to his father, they stop and stand in stony silence while Swift Deer speaks.]

SWIFT DEER: Many Wings hear! Many moons and suns go by since the Great Spirit come down to us to lie in poor manger. Great Star guide all to him. Great star shine over all for the son of Great Spirit bring Peace and Good Will to all. Swift Deer come here. Find shelter, food, just like son of Great Spirit. Good squaw friend. Little young round-cheeks friend. Swift Deer wants peace Great Chief Many Wings. Peace for all the settlement.

[*Chief Many Wings gazes slowly from one face to the other, then raises his hand in a peaceful gesture and without a word turns and the warriors relax their tense attitude and turn and go slowly off followed by Chief Many Wings and Swift Deer, the others remain standing with bowed heads, their hands folded as though in prayer as the curtain falls.*]

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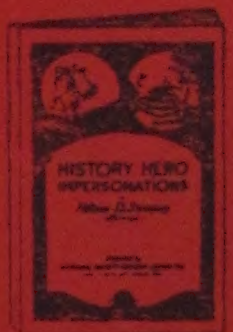

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